

# Good 234 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

# SISSY? BASKETBALL

AL MALE  
GETS GOING  
ON  
THIS YANK  
SPORT

## IS HOT, FAST FURY

NOW... before we start off, I'm not making any tall claims... the fans of ice hockey swear that their game is the fastest on earth, and the devotees of badminton are just as convinced that theirs hasn't an equal for speed... so you must make up your own mind this evening.

Maybe you will think that basketball is fully entitled to make a claim for the speed stakes, too... as a matter of fact, between you and me, old chap, I should say it is the fastest game played on human feet, without any speed-aid, like skates.

Well, the reason you haven't had the chance to see it may be that the game is just being appreciated; it has had a tough fight, and a chappie named Browning, who is the secretary of the controlling body... amateur, by the way... has worked devilish hard to get a spot of recognition... he has had to rely mainly on Y.M.C.A.s for his support.

Y.M.C.A.s obviously have some fine young fellows to draw upon, but, what is just as important, they almost invariably have a decent-sized gymnasium, and it is indoor space which has been the difficult problem.

As a matter of fact, the game was invented by a Mr. James C. Naismith, of International Y.M.C.A. Training School, Springfield, U.S.A. He had been ordered by his dean to invent a game for indoor winter use, and, knocking the bottoms out of two peach baskets, he gave the world basketball. He tacked the remains of the baskets on the walls of a gymnasium, and the game was born.

That was about fifty-three years ago, and since then 32 countries have seen the game, and large crowds are attracted by it in Canada and U.S.A. ... actually it is estimated that 18,000,000 people try to lob balls into baskets every year.

Oh, yes... I guess you have seen pretty school-girls doing a somewhat similar thing... rather an attractive game to watch... particularly if the girls themselves are attractive, but what you will see this evening is nothing like that game except that it is played with a ball and couple of nets... after that, the semblance vanishes.

How large is the arena? Well, the actual size required is 60ft. by 30ft. ... a wooden floor



of course... two rings six inches wider than the diameter of a soccer ball, and two boards to mount them on... the rings are mounted ten feet from the floor... which fact, by the way, accounts for men of six feet and over, being the type preferred... the giants of the game are literally giants.

Oh... just two halves of twenty minutes each, with a ten-minute interval, but the amount of work which is put into those two periods of twenty minutes is an eye-opener... do you know that as many as thirty goals may be scored by one side.

Eight men make a team, but only five take the floor at once... the other three are reserves, who can be slipped in during the game... five seconds being allowed to substitute a player. Two of the

face each other on either side of Browning, like soccer captains waiting for the "toss."

Big difference is that they do not wait for anything to "come down"... up goes the ball, and up also leap Sorenson and Dunning... like ballet dancers they leap.

Dunning has beaten Sorenson to it, and flicked the ball across to his wing-man, who hurls it across to the opposite wing.

Down charges centre Dunning, and before the ball has renewed acquaintance with the floor since the start... CRASH it goes against the net board... but it doesn't bounce back into play.

Did you expect it to? ... Sorry, old man, but Dunning didn't just flick that ball... he spun it at the same time... just sufficient spin to turn it clean into the net... pretty clever if you like, huh? ... oh... exactly fifteen seconds after the start.

Oh, no... they don't walk slowly to the centre spot... see that defence man? Straight from goal, he picked the ball up and immediately the ref. blew his whistle, bang across the floor (in the air, of course) he sent the ball straight to a waiting forward... see that?

Great Scott... thought he was going to try for goal himself... so, apparently did that Plaistow defence... that pass to Saints' centre, who was streaking through unobserved, was a wizard... hard luck... centre has over-run himself, and flashed across the line... dead ball.

Referee Browning touches it and it is immediately thrown into play. (Must be cleared from the defending area in ten seconds, you know)... Catford don't intend to be robbed though, there's Sorenson intercepted that clearance, passed to his right-winger, who has re-passed to his skipper, and the burly six-footer has sent in a peach of a shot, right through the ring, and into the net... a matter of seven seconds after Plaistow's opening goal.

Pretty swift, what? Now do you wonder how as many as forty goals, and even more, are registered in one match.

And do you wonder that these chaps have to keep themselves in super-fit condition.

See them now... all bunched round their skipper like Indians having a "pow-wow"... actually, that's just what they are doing... and they are allowed thirty seconds to make a plan of attack or alter the plans they had made, and which they find are unsuccessful.

They're off again... watch them leap for the ball... marvellous isn't it? Did you ever see a ball passed and re-passed so many times... each time with an object... just watch that winger as he races through bouncing the ball with one hand... hard luck, sir... over the touch-line by the narrowest margin... back into play... bang-bang-bang-bang, as it drum-beats on the floor goalwards, over across to opposite wing, via a smart pass... back again to centre, who has one eye on the ball and the other on the goal... he's trapped it and retained it just long enough to gain control... SWISH... what a beauty... right into the net.

Plaistow are substituting a couple of players... I notice Sorenson is eyeing the newcomers... can't decide to



bring on fresh blood until he has taken measure and considered who are the right boys to counter the freshers' tactics.

This game is played so quickly that all decisions have to be made like lightning.

Hope you are counting the goals, old chap... I've got a bit lost when I've been explaining... guess you'd better keep your eye... or both, on the game, and if you have a query yell it out.

Oh... two points for every goal scored in the ordinary way. One point for a penalty goal... I ought to have told you, but it slipped my memory.

The whistle... Well, that player who was holding the ball either held it for more than five seconds or took more than two paces... he could have dribbled (bounced) as long as he liked for one spell, but not for more than one... well, he couldn't dribble, then stop and look round and then dribble again... not even if he had the chance, which I very much doubt.

Just watch that melee in front of goal-mouth... six giants all stretched in mid-air... even their hands are at full stretch, as if to grab an extra inch from the air... ah... defence have tipped it clear but attack has collared it and is pausing to take aim.

Hard lines, sir, hard lines. Just as Plaistow was about to take aim, a Saints' forward knocked his hand down... that means a free throw for Plaistow... what you might call a "gift" goal, because these fellows never miss... there it goes... as easy as taking candy off a sick kid... still, Saints ought to have known better, but excitement can do strange things, you know, and although that player knew darned well that he was giving a goal away against his own side, he just couldn't resist the temptation to spoil the Plaistow boy's shot.

Had it been a major penalty Plaistow would have been awarded two free throws, just in case the first one missed. Well... do you think it fast, or do you? Never seen anything like it, eh?

It really IS great, isn't it?



wrong word said about them. Their sportsmanship both on and off the field is beyond the slightest criticism... I myself admire them.

Would you believe it... they sent a team to the Continent one year... I just forget which (though I remember I created a stink about the thing) this team was representing Britain, if you please, and they had to pay their own expenses.

But they didn't make a song about it... not on your life... they sacrificed just a little bit more, for a little bit longer... and did the trip.

Well... everybody knows that ice-hockey was played in England as far back as 1895 at Buckingham Palace... but it was played in Montreal in 1879.

Baseball might or might not be "glorified rounders"... but there is no comparison in the two games after you have said that.

And so, old chap, I maintain that this game we have seen to-night is something like the basketball you watch the girls play... but the "something like" is really hardly anything like... as I said earlier... the only similarity is that in each game there is a ball, and a couple of nets.

What you have just watched is a he-man's game.

Could YOU go non-stop over that wooden floor like those fellows do?

Could you chase that ball with such speed, trap it, pass it, dribble it, and then make a split-second shot at the ring... not forgetting to put on enough twist to make the ball rebound off the board INTO the net... could you do all that... and KEEP ON DOING IT?

What's that? Even the THOUGHT of it makes you feel like fainting.

That's just how I thought it would get you.

Let's go... I know a lovely cure for that fainting feeling, just round the corner.

What's yours, old chap? Mine's a pint, anyway. Thirsty work, this sport!



# The mysterious Mr. Baldock

## QUIZ for today

### The Lady in Number Four

By Richard Keverne—Part XVII

MR. BALDOCK, in tweeds that seemed much too heavy for so warm a day, looked hot and wilted. He was peering through his thick-lensed glasses at the menu. Gwen hoped to get by him without being seen. She kept her eyes averted as she neared his table. Then by an unhappy chance she brushed against a chair upon which Baldock had placed his hat and stick, and knocked the stick to the ground.

She murmured apologies, and Baldock was on his feet at once, assuring her that it was entirely his fault. And then the recognition came.

Baldock said, with a smile, "But surely—it's Miss Darcy." Gwen said stupidly, "Why—it's Mr. Baldock," and as they stood grinning nervously at one another a waitress settled the matter by pulling out a chair for Gwen.

It was too late then to pass on without some explanation unless she meant to be frankly rude. Baldock sensed her embarrassment.

"Unless you are meeting friends, it would be a great pleasure if you would share my lonely table," he said.

Gwen, inwardly furious, had to accept. She couldn't be rude to him. She forced a smile and sank into the chair.

"That's awfully sweet of

you," she said. "I've been shopping for hours and I'm completely exhausted."

"A nice cup of tea will do you all the good in the world," he said.

Gwen did some quick thinking. Janet and the inquest, where last she had seen Baldock, were bound to crop up soon. They'd better get it over quickly.

"I've been buying curtains for the 'Black Boy,' Mr. Baldock," she said brightly. "I'm worn out."

"Buying curtains?" he queried.

Gwen gave her order to the hovering waitress before she answered:

"Yes. I've got a new job."

Baldock looked confused.

"You see, when poor Miss Warren died I lost my job."

"Very sad. Very sad," Baldock put in lugubriously.

"But Mr. Merrow offered me another. I'm an old friend of his sister's, you know, and I'm supposed to know something about interior decorating, so he asked me to undertake the refurnishing of the 'Black Boy.' I think it's going to be fascinating."

It took Mr. Baldock some few moments for this to sink in. She had to explain more fully, and she implied that she had known that Merrow was at the "Black Boy" when she came down for the inquest.

"Then that was why your poor friend went there, I suppose?" Mr. Baldock said at length. "I'd no idea of the connection. Indeed, I often wondered why she had come there. What a tragedy, what a terrible loss that must have been for you!"

Gwen felt that if he said that anything was sad or a loss again she would scream. He hadn't suffered any loss or pain. She had to stop him. She wanted to say, "You silly old fool, my dear friend, as you call her, was as good as murdered, and the brutes who are responsible are still at large." But she nerved herself to play a part.

Very quietly she said: "Mr. Baldock, Miss Warren is dead, and all her friends miss her terribly. I was her closest friend. But mourning and lamenting won't bring her back to life again. Perhaps you'll think I'm hard. But I'm trying to forget Miss Warren. You see, my livelihood is going to keep me at Wilford for some weeks at any rate. And I've got to come face to face with all sorts of things connected with her all the time. And if I'm going to let myself become morbid I can't do my work properly. I'm not going to be morbid. I'm alive, and I want to enjoy my life. After all, we've all got to die some time. So—shall we not talk about Miss Warren—in a gloomy way,

I mean? You do understand, don't you?"

Mr. Baldock apparently did not understand. He looked shocked at first.

"Er—er—yes. Quite," he said. "Yes, very sensible of you." He brightened a little.

"I see what you mean. To remember only the happy hours. I think that a very beautiful thought. I am sure your dear friend would have wished it." Gwen winced.

"You are very brave, and so right, not to brood over your loss."

Gwen gave up the fight.

Clearly nothing could stop the wretched man. She concentrated on her tea, while Mr. Baldock extolled Janet Warren and invented a character for her which she had never possessed.

"I feel myself privileged to have known her, if only for those few minutes," he said. "Tired as she was, she seemed to find rest in my garden. She loved the simple things of life, I could tell that. And the beautiful things. How interested she would have been in your present task at that picturesque old inn."

Gwen interpolated, "Yes, of course."

"I recall quite clearly," Mr. Baldock went on, "how she drew my attention to the evening light on a bed of gladioli. With the true artist's vision, she saw shades of colour in it that escaped my dull eyes."

His prosy rambling began to fascinate Gwen. She found herself listening with growing interest, and began to make comments, provocatively, almost as though she were baiting him.

She mentioned various flowers which she said had been Janet's favourites—phlox and carnations, delphiniums and marigolds, and Baldock droned on.

Gwen said: "She was particularly fond of marigolds; she loved their rich colour. She always spoke of them by the old names, golds or mary-buds."

"Yes. Yes. I remember her doing so. Do you know, I had never before heard them called golds."

"I always thought it rather affected of her," Gwen laughed.

"Indeed, I don't agree with you. I thought it charming—so in keeping with her whole character. But I have never forgiven myself for boring her about the history of the old priory."

"I'm sure you didn't bore her, Mr. Baldock. Janet would have loved it."

"But I did, my dear young lady. I should have let her sit there quietly in the garden, not urged her to go on and see the ruins. But we mustn't talk about these sad things."

"I don't know that it's sad,"

Gwen said brusquely. "You've just told me of what must have been a very happy time for Janet. She was tired, and she rested in what sounds a very, very peaceful spot. Didn't she seem happy?"

"Well, yes, yes. I think she did. But yes, yes, Miss Darcy, you are right. I think that brief time she spent in my garden was a happy one."

"I'm sure it was, Mr. Baldock," Gwen said definitely. "I hope I'm not going to shock you, but one must try and be honest and face facts. Don't you really think hers was rather a nice death?"

He looked startled. "I mean, how much nicer that way than lingering on through a painful illness. As you've told it to me, Janet must have been very happy, very peaceful; rested after a tiring time. And then suddenly—she went out. She can hardly have known anything. Just a moment of shock—well, I'd as soon die that way when my time comes, Mr. Baldock." She finished fiercely.

#### USELESS EUSTACE



"No! No! You twerp! play your ace—!!"

Mr. Baldock seemed at a loss for words.

"I—er—yes. Perhaps I'm a little old-fashioned, but I do agree there is much in what you say."

"At any rate, that's what I believe happened," Gwen said.

"Yes, that is true," he interrupted.

"It's absolutely true. Now, may I ask a favour?"

"Of course, of course."

Gwen seemed rather to enjoy the confusion she was creating. Mr. Baldock was so obviously puzzled and unable to follow her varying moods.

"I want to come and see your garden. I want to see where Janet spent those last happy minutes."

"Why, certainly, Miss Darcy. It would give me very great pleasure. I would

say to-morrow, but I'm going away for a few days—only a few days, a week perhaps, to Wales, to see an old friend who is ill. But you must go whenever you like. I'll tell Cummings. You must use the garden as your own—in memory of your dear friend."

"How kind of you," Gwen murmured.

He shook her hand warmly.

"I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed this talk," he said. "And you must let me say that I admire you for your courage." He sighed. "There is something fine about the frank honesty of your generation."

Gwen tried to look duly impressed.

Salter had lunched early that day. Merrow saw him driving off from the inn soon after one. Gwen had gone an hour later, and Merrow was looking forward to a quiet afternoon. But Salter interfered with that scheme.

Eve came to Merrow's room in the middle of the afternoon to say that Mr. Pollock was asking for him.

"He said to say that if you were busy it didn't matter," Eve explained. "It's about the photos he's been taking. I think. He showed me some. They're ever so lovely."

Merrow sighed. He couldn't escape this wretched business.

"Ask him to come up, Eve," he said, putting aside a half-finished letter.

Salter came in a few minutes later, a sheaf of photographic prints in his hand.

"Well, Mr. Pollock," Merrow said, as the door closed, "I hear you've made some marvellous pictures of my ancient inn."

Salter smiled.

"As a matter of fact, I have," he said, "but that's not what I wanted to see you about."

"So I imagined."

"And so I imagined," Salter took the big chair Merrow offered. "There have been developments in this case in the last twenty-four hours," he said. "I've traced one link between this place and the Beach Hotel, an unexpected one—Leone, the manager."

"Leone? How?"

"He is an associate of Charlton's. He was with him last night, and I've got a very strong suspicion he was with Logan, too. Now you see what that may imply."

Merrow frowned. "Good lord!" he said. "Yes, I do."

1. An orison is a sweet herb, musical instrument, prayer, heraldic device, sky-line?

2. Who wrote (a) Windsor Castle, (b) Windsor Tapestry?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Barley, Wheat, Oats, Rice, Rye?

4. On what river does Burton stand?

5. Petrology is the study of fuel, sea-birds, rocks, statues?

6. What radio actor do you associate with "Mrs. Gibson"?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Luscious, Parrafin, Cylindrical, Perseverence, Ingenuity?

8. What rank in the A.T.S. is equivalent to Leading Seaman in the Navy?

9. What date is represented by the letters MDCCLXXXII?

10. What is the county town of Shropshire?

11. For what do the initials T.H.W.M. stand?

12. Complete the phrases (a) A fly in the —, (b) A rift in the —.

#### Answers to Quiz in No. 233

1. Indian chief.
2. (a) Kenneth Grahame, (b) John Ruskin.
3. Barnstaple is on the West Coast; others on the East.
4. Ribble.
5. Ambrose and his orchestra.
6. When Christmas Day falls on Saturday, Boxing Day is on the Monday.
7. Toboggan, Liniment.
8. Sergeant.
9. 1920.
10. Sofia.
11. Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.
12. (a) Of a dilemma, (b) Cucumber.

You mean Miss Darcy's visit to the hotel. He may have suspected her reason."

"More than likely. I want to ask her some questions about it. If she's in, could you get her up here now?"

"She isn't in. She's gone over to Wilborough to see about curtain fabrics. But she ought to be back for tea, or very soon after. She'll come here when she does."

Gwen found the two men still talking when she returned from Wilborough. She looked eager and a little flushed.

Merrow greeted her quietly.

"Glad you've come, Gwen," he said.

"Mr.—er—Pollock wants to see you about something."

"And I want to see him about something," she answered quickly. "Mr. Pollock, what do you know about Mr. Baldock?"

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—189

1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after -W, to make a hyphenated word.

2. Rearrange the letters of LATIN CHARM to make a Cheshire town.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: ANTI into TANK, BEST into BAGS, EARLY into BIRDS, BOLT into BARS.

4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from EQUIVOCATION?

#### Answers to Wangling Words—No. 188

1. ESQUIRE.
2. SHAFTESBURY.
3. H E R D. HERE, MERE, MORE, CORE, CARE, CARS, CAWS, COWS.
4. CATS, COTS, COOS, COOT, SOOT, SLOT, SLIT, SPIT, SPIN, SKIN.

BROWN, BLOWN, BLOWS, BLOTS, BOOTS, BOOTH, BROTH, WROTH, WROTE, WRITE, WRITS, WAITS, WANTS, PANTS, PANES, BANES, BONES, JONES.

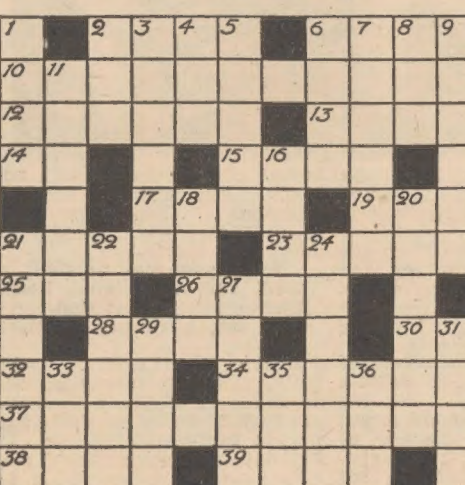
4. Caps, Pact, Plat, Rots, Star, Rats, Arts, Liar, Rail, Riot, Scat, Acts, Cast, Pair, Cart, Coat, Talc, Clip, Oral, Coal, Coll, Aria, Rota, Spit, Spat, Spot, etc.

Coral, Actor, Aspic, Ratlo, Coats, Plait, Plots, Trial, Trail, Topic, Pilot, Roast, Stair, Sprat, Parts, Clasp, Copal, Scalp, etc.

## JANE



## CROSSWORD CORNER



#### CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Moos.
- 6 Marsh plant.
- 10 Medicinal.
- 12 Proviso.
- 13 Jetty.
- 14 Cry of surprise.
- 15 Wasps' abode.
- 17 Tip.
- 19 Fish.
- 21 Unit of length.
- 23 Trail of metal.
- 25 Girl's name.
- 26 Tail end.
- 28 Slender.
- 30 Batting.
- 32 Member of choir.
- 34 One entrusted with goods.
- 37 Wicked ones.
- 38 Watched.
- 39 Remainder.

#### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Sumptuous.
- 2 Grassland.
- 3 Visual.
- 4 Used to be.
- 5 Part of play.
- 6 Smart blows.
- 7 Joins.
- 8 Personal pronoun.
- 9 Scarcely.
- 11 Put.
- 16 Knowledge test.
- 18 Fairy.
- 20 Not so difficult.
- 21 Women's title.
- 22 Idle talk.
- 24 Cleaves.
- 27 Open.
- 29 Loosened ground.
- 31 Headland.
- 33 Ballad.
- 35 Tennis service.
- 36 Auction item.

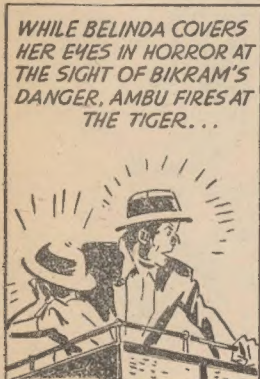
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RAND SIMPLE  
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FESTAL VENT  
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MOB PER RUB  
ELOPE PAUSE  
NEVIS ORDER  
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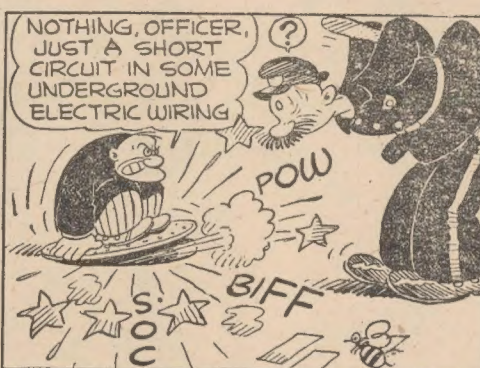
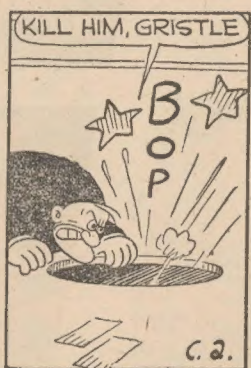
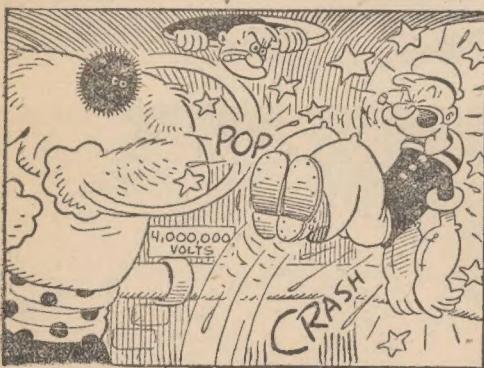
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Hardly Shipshape No. 11

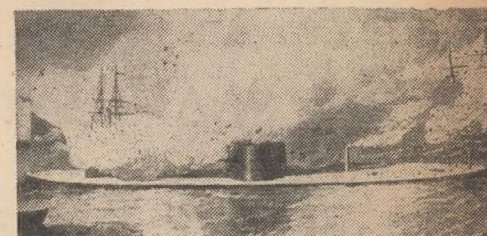
## EARLY DREADNOUGHTS

By E. W. DROOD

WHEN the Northern "Monitor" fought the Southern "Merrimac" during the American Civil War, the value of the armoured vessel was proved, and "The Times" stated that England's 149 first-class ships had been reduced to two, the "Warrior" and the "Ironside," both wooden ships, with 4 in. iron plating.

The two American ships may be said to have had as great an influence on future naval warfare as did the "Dreadnought" in her day.

They were both "funny-looking" ships. The "Monitor" was a new creation, but the "Merrimac" was originally a steam frigate.



## THE MONITOR

The "Merrimac" had been scuttled, but the Confederates raised her, took out the masts, and cut the hull down to a foot or two of the water-line. A heavy cast-iron ram was fixed. A casemate was built, a rectangular structure of 16 in. square timbers, inclined at an angle of 32 degrees to a height of seven feet above deck.

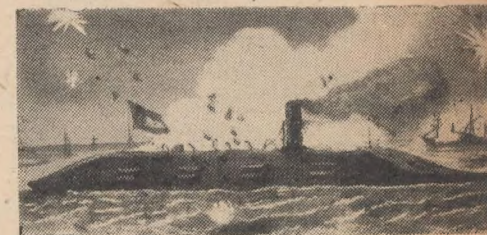
Over the narrowed upper part was a fore-and-aft bridge and a short funnel, and a few cowl ventilators poked their heads up.

The sloping timbers overhung the hull like the roof of a house, and they were strengthened with six-inch oak planks and a two-inch iron plate. The armament consisted of a 7 in. Brooke rifle and two broadsides, each of three 9 in. guns, and a 32-pounder Brooke rifle.

In reply, the Northern or Federal Government built the iron turret steamer "Monitor." The freeboard was less than a foot, thus reducing the exposed surface to a minimum.

Her length was 172 feet, and breadth 42½, whilst her draught was only 10½ feet, not quite half that of the "Merrimac." The turret was nine feet high and twenty feet in diameter, and was designed to revolve with its two 11 in. guns.

To load the guns they were run inside, and heavy iron shutters dropped over the gun-ports. The flat deck was protected by one-inch armour-plate; the sides of the hull were of five-foot-thick wood covered with iron plate. Well below was the iron hull, housing the engines and the gear for turning the turret.



## THE MERRIMAC

The "Merrimac" fought a successful action with two Federal frigates and a sloop; but on the afternoon of March 8th, 1862, the "Monitor" appeared off the Chesapeake River. Battle was joined the following day.

The bulky "Merrimac" offered an easy target for her opponent's guns, though most of the shots glanced off her sloping (and greased) sides. The "Monitor" was undamaged, but after a couple of hours her turret jammed and she withdrew for a bit.

The fight was resumed later, and after a ding-dong slogging match the "Merrimac" withdrew in her turn, having received 100 hits on her armour, but sustaining no casualties, apart from 40 of her crew suffering from concussion.

The "Monitor" had been hit 21 times, and her turret sides were scarred and dented. Three of her crew were wounded.

The two ships never met again. Before many months had passed the "Monitor" was lost in a gale, and the "Merrimac," owing to the Federal advance, was run ashore and set on fire.

Send your—  
Stories, Jokes and Ideas  
to the Editor



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

"And let anyone dare as much as show an eyelash round these quarters, and I'll ... 'em!"

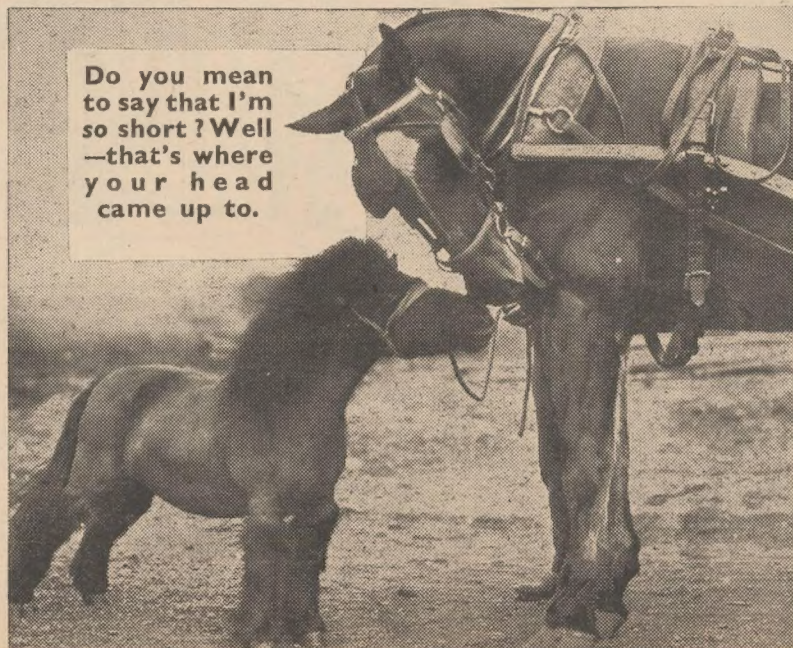


## VERY HAPPY LANDING



"Well, what of it? Maybe I do dribble, but so would YOU if you had no teef!"

Do you mean to say that I'm so short? Well—that's where your head came up to.



### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Even footballers dribble sonny."



## This England

Situated on the fringe of Bodmin Moor between Launceston and Bodmin, is this fifteenth-century church, known as the Cathedral of the Moor.